I use the very best technique with Gerard: I act in such a way that he advises and teaches me the right way of working. He cannot do so without working himself. We are both up at six o'clock. In his case I recognized as no good the system that consists in first getting rid of the small undergrowth—back letters, reading of the newspaper, tidying up — on the theory that then your brain is completely free for the *real* work. One must begin with the real work. One must attack it directly, without delay, deliberately, and bring to it one's greatest and freshest energy.

This morning very beautiful letter from Claudel. Excellent, stirring letter from Mauclair, to which I feel like replying at once.

Friday

Gerard —a creature without courage. Then he should have more gifts.

Saturday, 17 March

Came home furious last night (at a quarter past one) from an absurd evening at the Odeon. It was the opening of *Glatigny* by Mendes. Gerard dragged me to it on the excuse of seeing Ventura play (in very ordinary fashion) a tiny role; she was on the stage only a quarter of an hour. What a deadly evening! Steady chatter on the part of the actors. Rhetoric and loquacity.

In the box, the Jean Schlumbergers, Jacques Copeau, and, after she has removed her make-up, Ventura. Gerard keeps moving about.

This morning my head is splitting. It takes all the joy of this radiant weather to set me up again.

Sunday, 18

I finish slowly, as slowly as possible, Paul Desjardins's salutary book on *Pcussin,* copying several passages. I order his book on *La Methode des classiques^* which Maurice Denis recommends. (He lunched with us Monday.) I wish Maurice Denis were less easily

satisfied with himself. But a little anxiety would deprive him of a great deal of health.

He tells of Henri Matisse going to show Rodin his drawings and leaving the master's studio furious because Rodin had said to him: 'Tuss over it; fuss over it When you have fussed over it two weeks more, come back and show it to me again.**

He speaks of Simon, Cottet, Dauchez; Jacques Blanche's *self-assurance* impresses them all. Unfortunately.

Clara Ungerer comes to dinner. Very pleasant evening. But which I should have spent even more pleasantly at the piano or with a book

[17] *The Method of the French Classics* is the full tide of this book, published in 1904.